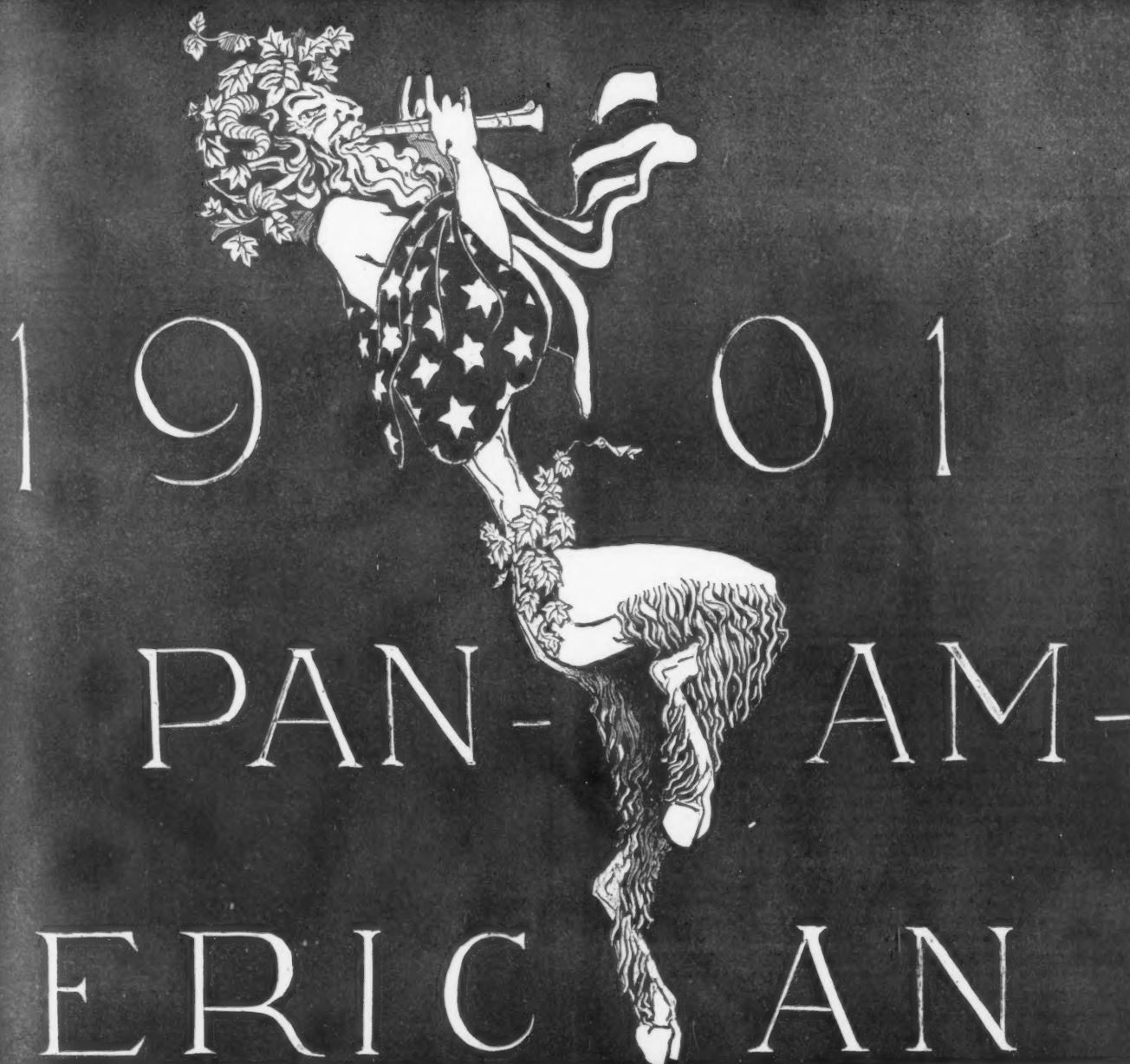


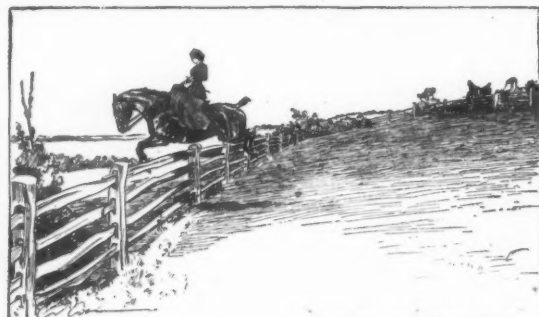
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L I F E



WILFRED HUGGINS

Sporting Number of Life



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A MORNING RUN.

LIFE does not inflict so-called special numbers every other week upon a long-suffering public. About six times a year it publishes the real thing. The recent Easter issue, No. 961, is an illustration of this proposition. This Number had the largest sale and received the greatest number of complimentary notices of any in the history of the paper. Our next special, with colored covers and all the well-known artistic features, will be issued about June 1st. It will be filled with articles and pictures illustrating summer sports and pastimes and everything that goes to make the summer vacation enjoyable. Respectable advertising of all sorts will be welcomed to its columns. Every advertiser who is not a regular customer of LIFE should take a flyer in this number. Fuller information and specimen copies of previous special numbers sent on application.

Life Publishing Company
19 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK
B. C. EVERINGHAM, Advertising Manager

Special Prize Offers for Readers of Truth

TRUTH will give to any art student a scholarship of one year at any Art School in the United States, or one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of artists' material, or one hundred dollars in gold, for the best full-page illustration in colors of the story "D'ri and I," now running in the Century Magazine. Sketches must be 15 3-4 x 10 7-8 inches. The award will be made upon the merits of the picture for reproduction in colors, the choice and handling of the subject and composition.

TRUTH will give to any amateur story writer, one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of books, to be chosen in any book store in the United States, or one hundred dollars in gold, as a prize for the best story of one thousand words. The subject is to be taken from some news item appearing in a newspaper of the writers' locality. The clipping upon which the story is based must appear in the paper on July 1.

As it is necessary to be a subscriber in order to take part in these competitions, we will, upon receipt of one dollar, place your name on our subscription list and will send you **TRUTH** for the remainder of the present year, commencing with the May number.

The names of those who wish to compete must be in this office not later than the First of July.

Illustrations and manuscripts must be in this office by October 10th.

For Further Particulars, Address
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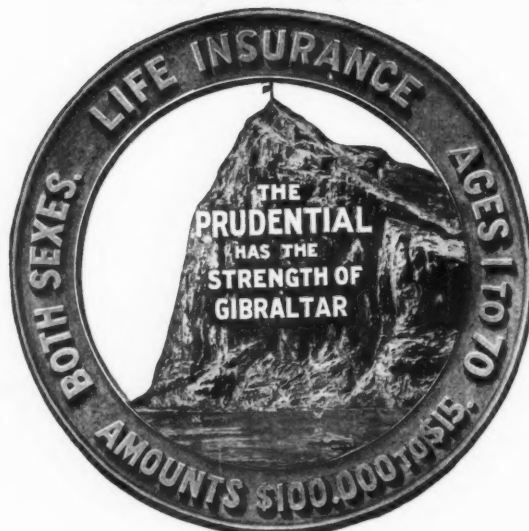
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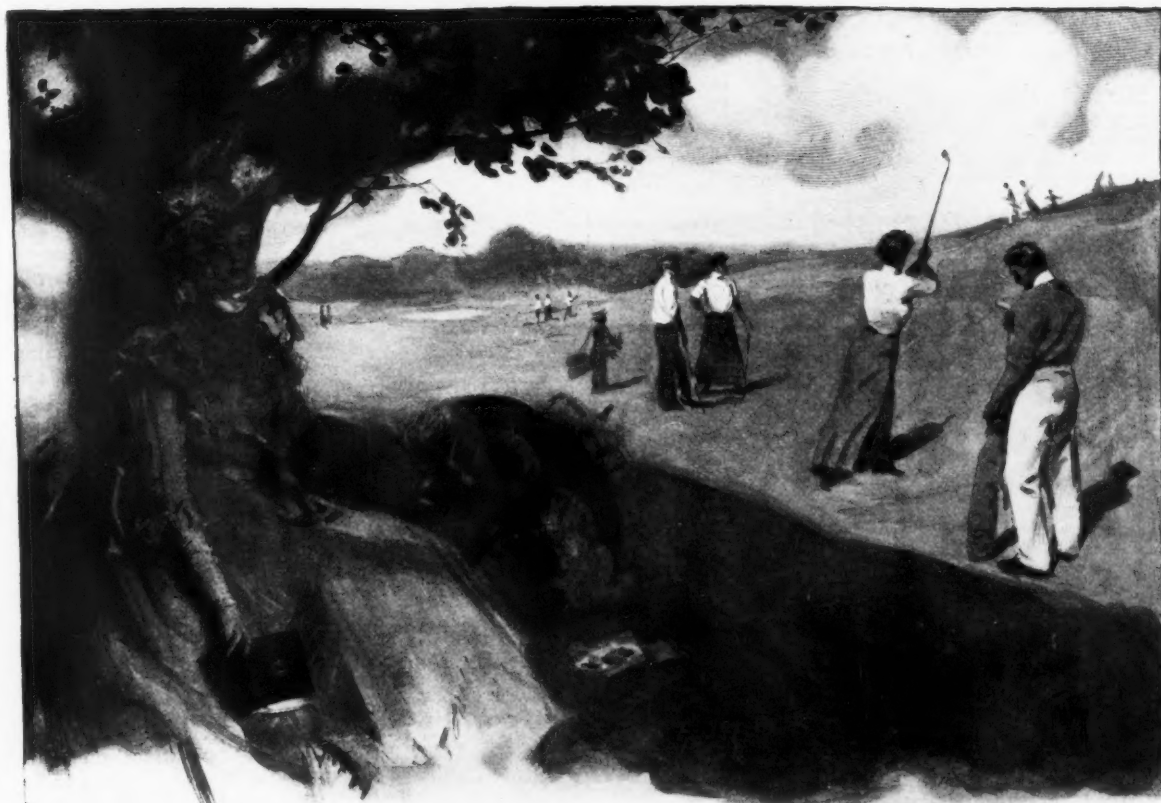
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LIFE



THE GIRL WITH A COMPLEXION.

Ready for the Season.

"NOW, my dears," said the widowed sea-serpent, as she called the children and sat down to a light lunch of jettisoned bananas and jelly-fish, "I must leave you, and start for the Jersey coast.

"But before I go, I want you to listen to me. Pass the anemone salad, please. As you know, my first appearance this season is at Atlantic City, as usual, and I am booked solid right through the summer. They're lighting kitchen fires with money in the States, and the whole push, from Illinois to Oklahoma, is coming East to dally with the sad sea waves and the elusive nine spot. All of which

means business for your mamma.

"But beware, my dears, of tempting offers in my absence. Stay at home. There are only a few of us left. Remember that it's nicer here than playing Terre Haute and Pittsburg in a tank car. Your turn will come.

"After this season I shall res: for a year in our cave near the Gulf of Aden, or else go to Australia, where I have promised to appear in some new undulations.

"Don't worry about me in my absence. The hotel men on the Atlantic circuit are my friends. They pay my accident insurance. I have confidence in them. And remember not to eat

any of those green crabs that poisoned your poor father."

So saying, she bade them good-by, and gazing on them fondly, with eyes that glistened like two washtubs full of brass filings, she floated away. Then, suddenly stopping, she called back to them, "Is my dorsal fin on straight?" They nodded assent, and she disappeared amid the green shadows.

W. S. Dunbar.

SHE: Well, dear, did you enjoy your evening? Did he give you a good dinner?

HE: The best ever. I could think of nothing else while eating it; and I forgot all about it after.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

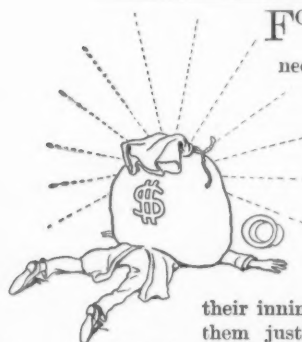
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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FOR all that the stock brokers needed a rest, their need of it was not so extreme as to warrant such a tremendous shaking down of the stock market. The moralists are having

their innings now. To do them justice, they began before the catastrophe, and have been faithful in admonition and warning. It is an excellent thing to have a gentle slump in the value of securities when speculation gets wild, but it is a pity to have corrective measures so overdone as they were on May 9. It is hard in this world to waste anything absolutely, and we have what consolation there is in remembering that whatever any one lost the other day, some other person won. But of course that thought is more consoling to the spectator than to the losers. Such sudden and hysterical shiftings of the evidences of wealth are trying to the community, the special disadvantage of them being that the hands that let go are weak hands that are apt to stay empty, while those that hold and take are the strong that had enough before. A panic is war, and each one leaves its heap of victims on the field. This latest panic, particularly, was war, because it was brought on by a battle between industrial generals. There was a sharp jolt due

because there has been excessive speculation, but the smash that came was, as every one knows, the issue of mortal strife for the control of railroads.



IT is an instructive circumstance that the long succession of recent combinations which were intended to eliminate destructive competition between railroads should have wound up with such a violent combat between the peacemakers. Man is a combative cuss. He will fight now and then, especially after he has had a long course of having things his own way. Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan have been used these many years to saying what should be done and seeing it done. Mr. Harriman has lately had much experience of the same sort. When the say-sos of these resolute gentlemen conflicted, the earth rocked. It is a pity that the more a man succeeds and the more power he acquires, the more bull-headed he grows. The natural check for him is to come, head-on, in collision with some one as bull-headed as himself. Let us hope that now that Messrs. Hill, Harriman and Morgan and their fellows have had their lesson, they will recognize that even so much of the earth as is called the United States is too big for any one squad of them to control, and must be divided. It would be a pity to have any of them succumb to that intoxication of power which, Lord Rosebery says, exhausted the energies and upset the judgment of Napoleon, and brought him, step by step, to inevitable ruin. Immense power affects human creatures like a disease. There are lots of morals to the great May panic besides the trite one that you mustn't gamble unless you're sure you have the price.



MR. SCHWAB, the president of the Billion Dollar Steel Combination, says that a college education is not a good preparation for a career in manufacturing. Boys who hope to win in the industrial world should start, he says, with manual training and go to work at seventeen. He thinks they

cannot spare the time to go to college. His views are based on his experience, and it may be they are sound. He says a very large majority of the leaders in finance and business whom he knows are men who did not go to college. But they are picked men, of great energy, industry and natural power; such men as himself. A college education is not necessary for any one or useful to every one; but there cannot be much doubt that it is a decided advantage to the average man who gets it, even in the detail of earning money. The way to judge what college does for men is to compare the careers of fifty lads who go to college with those of fifty lads of about the same class who don't go to college. The college-bred men in the long run usually make a pretty good living; a better average living, it is believed, than the men who go to work earlier.



BUT, after all, the intellectual world rests on the industrial world. The men who start with manual training and go early to work, and become great creators of wealth, are in the end the greatest and most liberal promoters of colleges and college education. The man who learns to make money usually develops in the end an appreciation of the great fields of knowledge that border on the field he happens to be working in. He wants his children and his grandchildren to know the things he has not himself had time to learn. Or if he doesn't, the children, inheriting wealth, and thus deprived of the chief incentive to money-making, themselves aspire to an experience of other concerns. There is a steady current that continually carries one set of men along from the industrial to the intellectual life, and brings another set back. A country devoted exclusively to material development would win a lop-sided success; a country devoted exclusively to intellectual development would not prosper. A great country, ripe for every sort of progress, needs captains of industry to unlock its wealth, and zealous seekers after truth to add to its knowledge. In this country every kind of education finds room and an active market.



· REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.—VII.

My mistress had an uncle living in America. Not long after my master's death, she decided to join her relative there. Few of her household goods were taken, but I was selected to go. After being many months in a dark box I found myself placed in the hall of a great country mansion near New York.



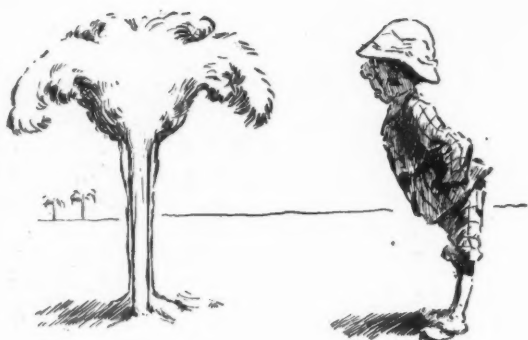
FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE, 1894-1899, by Alfred Dreyfus, is a book likely to be taken up with eager interest and laid down with a certain disappointment. The book, indeed, was not written for us, but for his doubting countrymen. His experiences are touched upon only in passing, while to the correspondence between himself and his wife, by which he hopes to show his clear conscience, is given more than half the book. It is, however, a harrowing picture and an arraignment of France all the more terrible for its apparent unconsciousness. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

The Story of Eva, by Will Payne, closely resembles in theme a book we mentioned some time since called *Sister Carrie*. Both treat of country girls thrown upon their own resources in Chicago. The resemblance stops there, however, for Mr. Payne's book, while not recommended for the libraries of the King's Daughters, is an interesting story well told. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The fourth of Harper's series of stories of American life is a New York society novel called *A Victim of Circumstances*. It is long, prosy and dull, but affords the reader good mental exercise in trying to remember who is who among the characters. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Warners, by Gertrude Potter Daniels, traces the career of a laborer, who, after winning an independence, is crushed by the power of the trusts. We would like to suggest to Mrs. Daniels that the book would be just as convincing and in far better taste were nine-tenths of the profanity omitted. (Jamieson-Higgins Company, Chicago.)

Some good short stories, mostly of the author's life as a boy in Northern Pennsylvania, are told by Arthur Colton in a volume



"WHAT A BLOOMIN' RIDICULOUS PLANT."

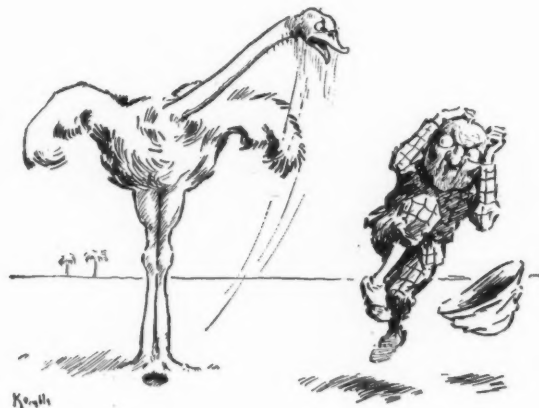


AND, BY JOVE, WHAT TOUGH BRANCHES!"



"NOW, JOHN, WILL YOU MATCH THIS PIECE OF CLOTH FOR ME WHEN YOU GO OUT?"

"I'M AFRAID I CAN'T, DEAR. THE MAN I GOT THAT OF HAD TO BUY A NEW PAIR OF TROUSERS, AND HE GOT AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PATTERN."



The Plant: DON'T YOU KNOW AN OSTRICH WHEN HE'S HIDING?

called *The Delectable Mountains*. There is a vividness and individuality about them that is very attractive. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Eternal Quest, by J. A. Steuart, is an old-fashioned novel in which the lovers go through trials and separation for three books and are united, to live happy ever after, in the fourth. It will do in a hammock at the seaside. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Mr. Hugh McHugh has perfect command of a large and varied vocabulary of slang. He is also decidedly witty. His little book, *John Henry*, will be enjoyed by any one with sporting proclivities and a sense of humor. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

MOTORMAN : That fellow fooled me that time.
CONDUCTOR : How's that?

"I thought he wanted to get on and I didn't stop, but he didn't want to get on."

NATIONAL THEATRE



MISS CROW, OF THE OAK TREE FLATS, CULTIVATING HER VOICE.

The Hard Part.

"H AVE you ever been perfectly happy?"
"Yes, but I never knew it at the time."

THERE is nothing impossible about the report that the site of the Stewart house on Fifth Avenue is to be occupied by an enormous bachelor apartment house, to be filled by the messenger boys and hotel waiters who have accumulated large fortunes during the recent activity in stocks. In old times, when fortunes came by hard work and thrift, bachelor apartment houses did not exist. Every one of them ought to be compelled to take out a license, and a very high license at that.

I T is assumed, from the following words of C. E. Walton, M. D., that shades of difference still exist between schools of medicine :

We occasionally hear it asked : " Would it be wise to establish a chair of homœopathy in an allopathic college ? " Let us answer this by asking : Would it be wise to establish a Protestant chair in a Catholic institution ? Would it be wise to drill Democrats in a Republican camp ? It is just as difficult to gather figs from thistles now as it was nineteen centuries ago. Water and oil do not mix more readily now than formerly, and there is no place on earth for an emulsified homœopath. A triturated allopath might be spread over a greater surface, but he would be of no more use for medical progress than a combination tablet.

A Test.

"W HAT a fine yacht, old man !"
" Isn't she ? I enjoy her even when I'm sober."

Our Little American Band.**PIERPONT MORGAN**

Plays the organ,
 Hanna beats the drum,
 McKinley plays the tambourine,
 And Teddy goes "pom-pom,
 Pom-pom, pom-pom,"
 All alone,
 On his own trombone—
 The music is so sweet,
 They gather all
 Our shekels in—
 Then try another street.

F. G. Howard.

them and they him. He used to dine his authors often. He bet money freely on the success of their works, and sometimes lost. In his old age he completed the publication of the "Dictionary of National (British) Biography," a work in sixty volumes, admirably carried out, very valuable to the world and indispensable to great libraries, but unprofitable to its publisher. It is a monument to Mr. Smith, and it is gratifying to know that he could afford it, for he was good

ence seems hardly to have held its own with other lines of trade. The bankers, the dry-goods men, the ironmongers and the oil dealers and railroad men never were richer than now, but no American publisher is preposterously affluent, unless it is Mr. Pierpont Morgan. For the credit of literature and for the sake of old times, one could wish there were one or two publishers who could build houses like Mr. Carnegie's on Fifth Avenue, and keep yachts, country places, expensive



LIFE'S HALL OF FAME.

An Unfortunate Trade.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, of London, who died the other day, had been a successful publisher for half a century and was a good example of what a publisher of the old school was. He had had a large family of authors, including Thackeray, Ruskin, Browning and Trollope. Apparently he liked

at trading and investment, and by selling not only books but Apollinaris water and other profitable wares he made and kept himself affluent in gratifying every substantial measure.

The old school publisher was a fine figure of a man, and it is not pleasant to have him pass away. Publishers still make a living, but somehow the business as a door to immense afflu-

bulldogs and racing stables. But after all, the author is getting his own nowadays, and probably things are better as they are. When the middlemen get very, very rich, there is a basis for the suspicion that the producer and the consumer are contributing overmuch to their support. The contemporary publisher is at least not much open to suspicions of that sort.

Mutual.

YOU say that you will pity us, my dear,
When rolling breakers strike in clouds
of spray
Along the rocks, you'll pity us that stay
And suffocate in city quarters here?

And I, while sipping juleps at the club,
When from the inland blows the sultry
breeze

That brings the dread mosquito from the
trees—

I'll pity you, and seek my porcelain tub!

J. H. H.

"But," said the doctor, "there is nothing the matter with me. I am a physician. Besides, I came to see you."

"You think you did," said the patient, "but in the interest of science and my own pocketbook, I am going to do the wrong thing by you, even if you never recover, and I have to explain to your family that if your blood hadn't been in such a condition through dissipation, it might have been otherwise."

tion of laymen over you, and then you'll wish you had been good."

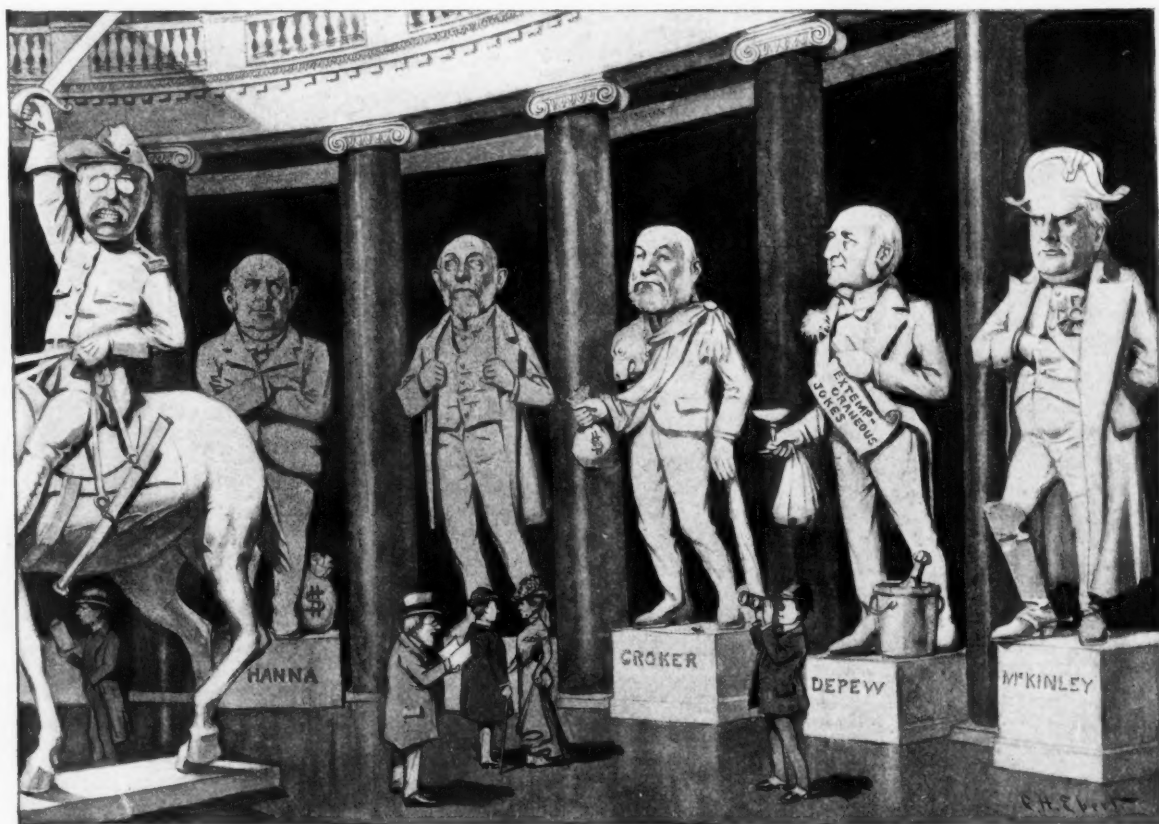
MORAL.

"How much is it?" said the doctor, after it was all over.

"How much have you got?" asked the patient.

"HOW ignorant Miss Swamper is of history."

"She inherits it. Her father is a historical novelist."



LIFE'S HALL OF FAME.

Inverted Fables.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT-TO-BE.

"I CANNOT begin to tell you," said the patient to the doctor, with an anticipatory gleam of enthusiasm in his off eye, "how much pleased I am to think that you have called on me at this opportune moment. Unless I operate on you in an hour, I will not answer for the consequences."

"But," said the doctor, "this is nothing short of murder. Besides, I'd rather take my chances—"

"Shut up!" said the patient, producing a yellow bowl of carbolic acid, a quart bottle of ether and a black bag of instruments. "I say you have appendicitis, and there is no time to lose. Do as I tell you, and step up on this folding table, or I'll order a consulta-

"WHAT is the difference between the cannibals and Mark Twain?"

"The cannibals enjoy cold missionary, while Mark Twain likes the missionaries hot."

"PAPA, what is a syndicate?"

"My son, it is a body of human beings entirely surrounded by money."



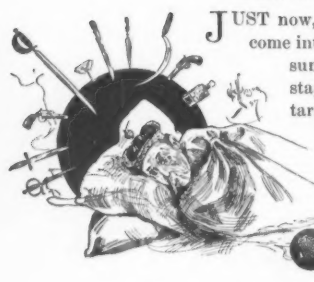
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EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD T





"The King's Carnival."



JUST now, along with the buds and blossoms, come into view the entertainments that in the summer evenings will seek to make the stay-at-home New Yorker and the stranger tarrying within the gates forget that it is hot weather. The first to claim attention is a conglomerate show at the New York, given under the title of "The King's Carnival," which title is selected evidently for its alliteration and presumably seductive qualities rather than because it in any way describes the piece.

The New York seeks to attract the multitude by giving a large amount of entertainment for a small price. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, some years ago, replied to a charge that the *Century* magazine was as a whole uninteresting, by explaining that his ambition was to have every one find in each number some one article that would be of interest irrespective of its other contents. The management of the New York evidently goes on the same theory. It would be a very remarkable person in the way of a theatre-goer who could not find in the present entertainment some one thing to amuse. But in aiming to please so many different tastes the New York has seen fit to include a mass of stuff which appeals to a very low order of intelligence and wears the spectator who possesses sense or taste.

There's Mr. Louis Harrison, for instance. There may be persons who find Mr. Harrison amusing. To the average New Yorker, however, he is among the deadliest of would-be comedians, and he has been so persistently crowded down their throats by certain managers that his name on a programme calls up a feeling of resolution to suffer him, with the hope that by contrast something else may be good. Then there is a young woman named Carus, who possesses a fog-horn voice and is permitted to sing touchingly about "My Sailor Boy," who is off in some indefinite place "across the sea," and who doubtless remains there in preference to coming home and hearing Miss Carus try to sing. Likewise there is a large and gorgeously unattired ballet, whose members are not pretty and cannot dance. Of such kind is a large portion of this entertainment, which is expected to last out the summer and help entertain the resident and visiting populace. It should be remembered in extenuation that the price of admission is low and that some people like this sort of thing.

On the other hand, the cast contains some people with a claim to the consideration of persons who do not set too high a standard for their amusement when they go to a music hall. Among them is Miss Marie Dressler, who makes us wonder whether her undeniable coarseness spoils her undeniable powers as a fun-maker, or whether her fun atones for her coarseness. Also there is Miss Amelia Summerville, once "A Merry, Little Mountain Maid," who is funny, when she gets the chance. Mr. Daniel McAvoy and Mr.

Harry Bulger are comedians who do the best they can to make merry with parts that have not much merriment in them. The cast contains quite a number of ladies who are shapely and otherwise ornamental without being especially useful.

The piece itself is by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld and is a disconnected jumble of attempted burlesque on the leading legitimate plays of the season just ending. This jumbling might be done with the result of getting some humor out of the incongruities. Mr. Rosenfeld seems to have been content with simply lugging in familiar characters, make-ups, costumes and scenes without rhyme, reason, or fun. By utilizing the old legless-horse idea he manages to get some laughter for his burlesque of *Cigarette's* ride from "Under Two Flags," but the rest of it falls rather flat. Mr. Sloane's contributions in the way of music are not very impressive, the best number being a new rag-time song interpreted by Miss Dressler.

It is possible that "A King's Carnival" may be whipped into such shape that the amusing features will outnumber the dreary ones. An hour or two of it, as it is, is endurable, and it possesses the merit that the hour or two may be taken at any stage of the performance without one's missing anything in the way of plot or story.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Republic.—Last week of "Lovers' Lane." Amusing and well-presented rural comedy.

Garden.—"Under Two Flags" at old-fashioned, high prices. Melodrama, well done.

Daly's.—Last week but one of bright and musical "San Toy."

Empire.—"Diplomacy," acted in the Syndicate's very best style. Moderately well done.

Garrick.—"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" approaching the end of its long run. Worth seeing.

Wallack's.—Clever and attractive Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell." Interesting comedy.

Bijou.—"The Climbers." Society comedy well acted.

Criterion.—Julia Marlowe as *Mary Tudor* in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Fairly interesting.

Herald Square.—"The Brixton Burglary." Notice later.

Madison Square.—"On the Quiet." Light comedy by Augustus Thomas. Worth seeing.

New York.—"The King's Carnival." See above.



MR. BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, who is one of the overseers of Harvard, and who voted against that institution's conferring the LL. D. degree on President

McKinley, justifies his action by the statement that he sees nothing in Mr. McKinley's private character or public career that entitles him to the distinction. The majority of the overseers thought differently. It remains to be seen whether Mr. McKinley will decline an honor which, to put it mildly, will be grudgingly bestowed. And if the degree is to be given simply because Mr. McKinley is President of the United States, and irrespective of his personal deserts, Harvard might save herself from future embarrassment by the adoption of a University law to the effect that hereafter all Presidents of the United States shall be *ex officio* Doctors of Laws of Harvard University.



WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS?

Harold and His Papa.

"PAPA, when is sister going to be married?"

"On the sixteenth."

"Will she have a large wedding?"

"Yes, Harold, a very large wedding."

"Why does she want a large wedding?"

"For various reasons. One is because she will receive more presents, and another because it costs money."

"But she doesn't have to spend the money, does she?"

"Oh, no. That is exclusively your papa's privilege."

"Do you like to spend money on weddings, papa?"

"No, my son, I do not. I despise it."

"Then what makes you do it?"

"To keep up your mother's position in society."

"But haven't you a position in society, also?"

"No, Harold. I'm merely the business end."

"And would you care if mamma didn't have a position in society?"

"Yes, I would care a great deal."

"I am afraid I do not understand. You have to spend money to give mamma her position in society, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But you don't like to spend the

money, yet you do like to give mamma her position in society."

"My boy, you should be careful in your use of terms. You asked me if I would care, not what I would like to do, and I said I would care."

"But why should you care?"

"Because I would rather work myself to death and give her what she wants than to do the other thing. There are worse things than death."

"Then you don't do it because you want to, but because it can't be helped?"

"You are a bright lad. You have guessed it."

"But where does sister come in?"

"She comes in the same category with your mother."

"What is a category?"

"Well, Harold, when two people of one's own family are in the same category, it means that they are united against you."

"But sister is going to be united to another man, isn't she?"

"The man thinks she is, but he will find out later that she is united against him."

"And are you in the same category with him?"

"Yes, Harold, he and I are in the same category with all the other men. Now run and play. Your papa must make some business calculations."

AN impudent fellow in Hawarden

Inquired, without asking his pawarden,

Of the learned Colquhoun if the man in the mquhoun Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden?

Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Cholmondeley,

Overhearing the words, remarked grolmondeley,

To an awe-stricken neighbor, unsheathing his seighbor,

That the question was beastly uncolmondeley.

Spelbinder.



AN OLD ENGLISH SAMPLER.



A PAN-AMERICAN.

His Turn Now.

"JONES is a man of remarkable foresight."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, he insisted upon his relatives from Buffalo visiting him last winter."

FIRST CHURCH-MEMBER: I would weed every heretic out of the church.

SECOND CHURCH-MEMBER: Oh, I think you are too radical. Why, some of the best church-members I know are heretics.

A Song of the Foster-Sons.

IN Manhattantown there is wealth, there is fame—
With a few hundred thousand a-bucking the game;
And some, after struggles that leave many scars,
Mount the Rocket of Chance and ascend to the stars.
But, patience! Just wait; they are sure to come down.
In Manhattantown?

Aye, in Manhattantown!

To Manhattantown we all come with our hopes,
And eat of its lotus, the worst of all dopes,
For though Disappointment and Failure abide,
And we daily are swamped by Adversity's tide,
There we'll swim with our hopes or there we will drown.
In Manhattantown?

Aye, in Manhattantown!

And Manhattantown may be proud of itself,
With all of its politics, plunder and pelf,
For where in the world will you e'er find a place
That can sin with such dignity, profit and grace,
And change to a tolerant smile a stern frown?

As Manhattantown?

Aye, as Manhattantown!

Ah, Manhattantown, here's a bumper to you!
Shabby treatment you give, but you know we'll be true;
From our homes we come far o'er the land and the sea
To struggle and strive while we bow at your knee;
In your service for life we will fight for the crown.
Of Manhattantown?

Aye, of Manhattantown!

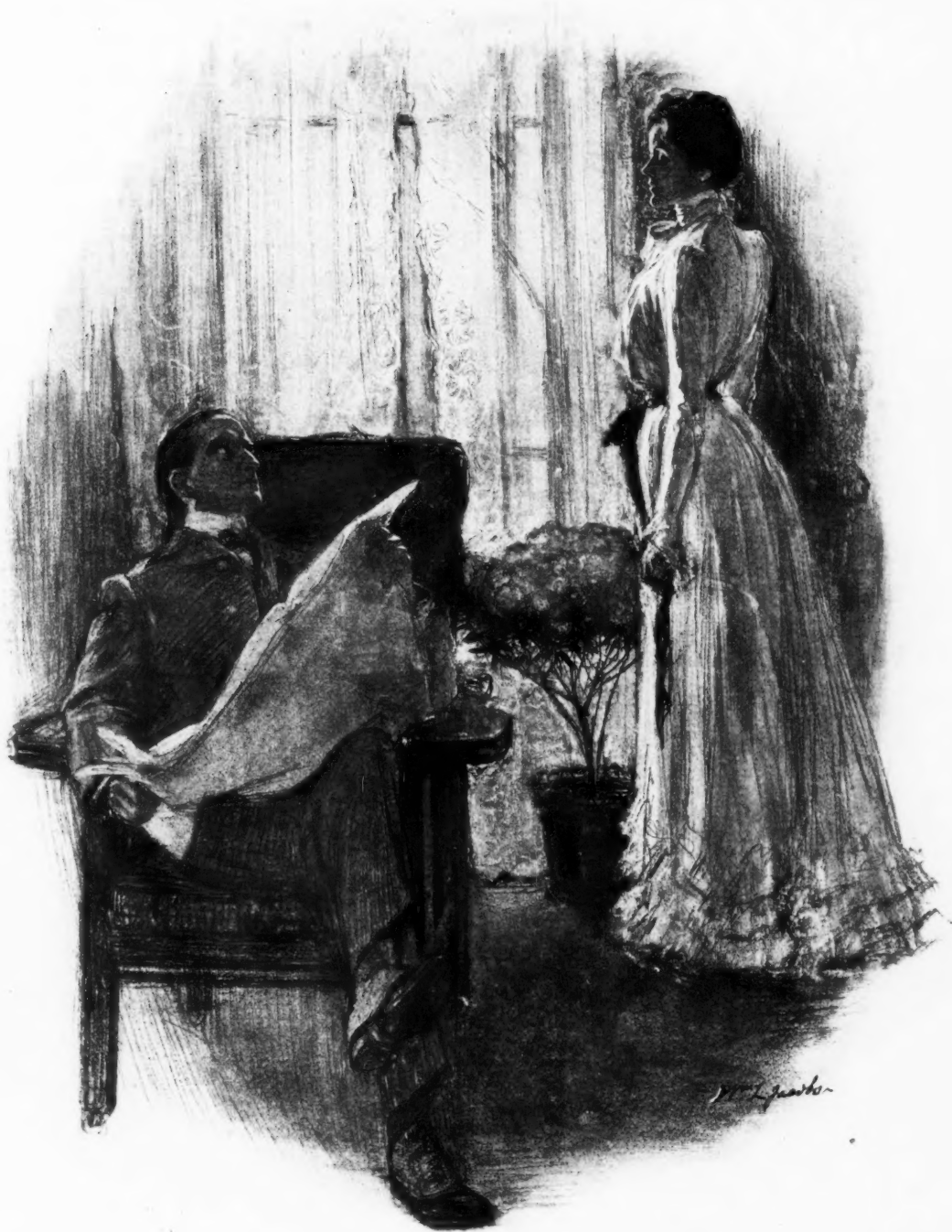
Wood Levette Wilson.

"ARE all the arrangements for your marriage with the Count complete?"

"Practically. All that remains is for him to give papa a statement of his liabilities."



THE DIET OF WORMS.



A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

The Wife: AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT. DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CANNOT DECEIVE ME?
"OF COURSE I DO. BUT I ALWAYS TRY TO BECAUSE I KNOW IT GIVES YOU SO MUCH PLEASURE."

• LIFE •



THE BOSTON WOMEN ASTRIDE.

They are gossiping in Gotham
And the Quaker City, too;
All the ladies are exclaiming:
"Here's a pretty how-de-do!"
There is horror in Chicago,
They are shocked in Baltimore,
And declaring that they never
Heard of such a thing before—
But the men are busy rushing
To the famed Back Bay

ly
brave- ride
ladies their
Boston steeds
the this
Since way.

Oh, we might have heard serenely
Of the overthrow of kings,
Of the flight of mighty comets,
Or the fall of Saturn's rings;
We could still remain composed if
All the stars passed off in dust,
Or if Morgan had decided
Not to form another trust.
But the world seems sadly muddled,
Things have surely gone amiss

ly
bold- ride
women their
Boston nags
the like
Since this.

Men are crowding on the sidewalks
Up along old Beacon Hill;
They are watching, they are waiting
As the scoffers always will,
And the sacred codfish slyly
Peeps out every now and then
To discover what is holding
The attention of the men—
There is winking, there is blinking,
There is many a leer and smile,
matrons

and ride
maids in
Boston this
the here
Since style.
— Chicago Record-Herald.

THERE is a little girl in Detroit whose passion for the truth under all circumstances embarrassed her father very much the other day. Not long ago he lost a high-salaried place in a business house because of its absorption by a trust, and in the evening denounced all persons connected with trusts as thieves and robbers. But the trust found that it needed him, and he was soon holding his old place, in addition to a good block of stock. It was noticed that the little girl was deeply impressed with the incident, and looked at her father doubtfully when he was home. One evening there was company at the house, and the host became involved in a heated political debate with a peppery guest. The former made a statement, which the latter flatly denied. "Why, my dear man," laughed the host, "you don't mean to call me a liar?"

"No, he don't," declared the little one, as she sprang in

front of the visitor and glared at him with flaming eyes, "and I won't have it. My papa is a robber and a thief, but he is no liar!"

The explanation was soon secured from the child, and the hilarity following the exposé was the joy of the evening.
—New York Tribune.

THE gingham-shirted boy had made a break to pass the ticket seller at the circus entrance, but that gentleman had caught him and rudely thrust him back.

"Poor little devil," said a seedy-looking man in the crowd. "If I had the money I'd buy him a ticket myself."

The crowd looked sympathetic, but said nothing, while the boy sobbed as if his heart would dissolve.

"I've only got a nickel, little feller," went on the seedy-looking one, "an' that won't do you no good. Say," he continued, turning suddenly to the crowd, "let's do one good act in our lives. Let's buy him a ticket."

It looked for a minute as if a collection was to be started, but a benevolent-looking old gentleman nipped it in the bud by slipping a half-dollar into the hand of the boy, who promptly disappeared into the tent.

"I thank you a thousand times for that kind act, sir," said the seedy-looking man.

"You seem to take quite an interest in the little fellow," remarked the benevolent one.

"Well, I should think I ought to," answered the seedy-looking man, proudly. "That's the only son I got!"

—Indianapolis Sun.

HENRY L. CLAPP, in a company of good fellows, once said of a well-known editor who was constantly impressing people with his own importance:

"Yes, he is a self-made man, and he worships his creator."—Argonaut.

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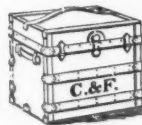
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This maid, whose name was Sally.
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A regular lily." She was quite
The lily of the vale. —Philadelphia Press.

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And for all purposes where silk is required it pays to buy
"Corticelli" —The Dressmakers' Favorite Spool Silk.

THE Dowager Empress was in a droll mood to-day.
"A note from the German Emperor!" announced the
chamberlain.

"A billy doux!" observed her Majesty.

"And a note from the United States!"

"A Yankee Doodle doux!" cried this remarkable woman,
while gales of merriment swept over the servile court.

—Detroit Journal.

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of interesting illustrations and a fine topographical map of
the State, can be had by sending 6c. in postage to P. S. Eustis,
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"You're working over that telegram pretty hard. Is it
too long?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the sweet young thing. "It's
only nine words, and I'm trying to work in another word
without changing the meaning." —Chicago Evening Post.

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And preserving properties of myrrh for the teeth have
been known since the days of ancient Syria. WRIGHT'S
DENTOMYRRH, the new tooth paste (in tubes), has myrrh as a
base. Ask any druggist for it.

RESIDENT: Think of opening an office in this neighbor-
hood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family
physician.

YOUNG DOCTOR: Y-e-s, but—er—I shall only doctor chil-
dren at first. —New York Weekly.

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neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in
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"How do you get on with your literary work, old man?"
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attitude in which to be photographed for the literary periodi-
cals, and have now only to write something."

—Detroit Journal.

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privacy of home.

"DON'T you kinder hanker after respectability now an'
den?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Meandering Mike. "Some-
times I t'ink dat respectability ain' much more dan per-
mission to work hard for what us people gits for nothin'."

—Washington Star.

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters renew vitality
and give lasting strength. At Druggists.

DOLLARD: "Bis dat qui cito dat." That's Eye-talian. I
guess What's it mean? Do you know?

SCOLLARD: Literally, "He gives twice who gives quickly."
A freer translation would be: "He who gives quickly gives
twice as much as he would if he stopped to think it over."

—Philadelphia Press.

YOU HOLD GOOD CARDS

When you play with Bicycle Playing Cards.

"WELL, if you haven't still got that red vest!" exclaimed
the jaybird, when he met the robin.

"They are still the proper thing," answered the robin;
"at least, the jays have not taken to them yet."

The early worm here putting in an appearance, society
chit-chat was laid aside for the practice of benevolent as-
similation. —Indianapolis Press.

DON'T forget to take a few bottles of Cook's Im-
perial Extra Dry Champagne with you on your summer
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LEGHORN, ITALY

• LIFE •



The

Game



in

Wall Street



When the Devil was sick,
The Devil a saint would be;
When the Devil was well,
The Devil a saint was he.

§ § §

THE righteous and chastened demeanor of Wall Street since last Thursday's shakeup has been a delectable sight. When Wall Street gets good it is very, very good and the reprobation of whoever it was that brought about the so-called "panic" of last week has been widespread and vehement. One would think from expressions heard on every side that for officers and directors of corporations to monkey with the stocks of their companies had never before been heard of in Wall Street.

§ § §

WALL STREET is naturally influenced in its views of occurrences by their effect on its own pocketbook. A week ago it was doing a business of three million shares a day. To-day the total was less than a million, and Wall Street is therefore in a state of high moral indignation at men who could be so unprincipled as to cut down the profits of the business two-thirds. It hasn't quite made up its mind who the actual sinners are, that by their wickedness have done this wrong; but there is no doubt that Wall Street disapproves of them thoroughly and believes that they will never go to heaven.

§ § §

NOT since Grover Cleveland called John Bull's bluff in the Venezuela matter has the Street been so indignant at any one, and in that case it made its indignation felt at Mr. Cleveland's expense. Since then it has been recognized that the Venezuela episode increased Great Britain's respect for the United States, and Wall Street has in a degree modified its opinion of Mr. Cleveland. Therefore, when the Street's present pious indignation passes away the fact that "the vilest sinner may return" may find another exemplification in the case of the indefinite John Does who were responsible for the Northern Pacific corner and its consequences.

§ § §

PRESIDENT HADLEY'S suggestion that social ostracism was the proper punishment for men who offended in politics and finance and who could not be reached by ordinary written laws, seems to be bearing fruit in the case of

Mr. John W. Gates. Mr. Gates and his son aspired to membership in the New York Yacht Club. It is stated that the committee on elections declined to recommend their names and put the two gentlemen from Chicago in the pose of the Peri outside the gates of Paradise. Mr. Gates may do very well in Chicago, but in New York his path does not seem to be strewn with roses.

§ § §

NOTWITHSTANDING the reduction in their earnings, the brokers profess to be glad that the late unpleasantness has shaken out of the market the soubrette and chambermaid element that was figuring in the yellow journals as winning countless thousands in stock speculation. It was a dangerous and panicky crowd that interfered with the big players and, as expected, spoiled the game. The belief generally entertained is that stocks are now in strong hands and that the liquidation is practically over. Those who entertain this optimistic view look for an advancing market based on a legitimate view of the country's unimpaired prosperity instead of a popular mania to speculate.

§ § §

EVEN if this view is right it would not be surprising if the Summer's market should be a dull one. The tremendous activity which culminated last week has left behind it a feeling of lassitude much like the Spring fever that comes at this time of year. Almost every one seems to be more inclined to think about trips to Europe, yachts, country places and the Pan-American than about what is going on in the market.

§ § §

MANHATTAN Elevated will bear watching. The discomforts of travel on the surface roads are becoming so great that when the Elevated gets its new electric installment with more comfortable and frequent cars there is bound to be a tremendous increase in its business. The carrying capacity of the road will be materially enlarged and the ratio of expense to earnings will be very considerably reduced. The present price of the stock is not excessive, and a few sheets of it laid away in a dry place ought to do its owner some good.

§ § §

LONDON isn't so pretty as it was, but it knows more. Monkeying with the buzz saw usually produces this result, and the gentlemen who buy and sell American securities at a range of

three thousand miles have had a very picturesque experience.

§ § §

THERE is talk of a new opposition to the Tobacco Trust in some of its lines, but that institution is so firmly entrenched in its trade connections that its owners are not seriously terrified and talk confidently of the stock selling at two hundred at a not very distant date. The Tobacco crowd are pretty crafty people and are adepts at the fine art of smothering competition.

§ § §

THE hen is still on in Consolidated Gas and the expected hatching may take place at the next meeting of the board. The rumors about a new issue of bonds and stock to take the place of the present securities are not so definite as they were, but there is a strong impression that something very pleasant is going to happen to the stockholders.

§ § §

THE Steels do not show any great buoyancy. "There's such an undoggy lot of it," said a broker to-day, "that every man, woman and child in America might have some of it," and this may be the reason that its fluctuations are within such narrow limits. There is enough of the preferred to satisfy a very large investing demand, and it will take some time for it to be absorbed to the point where its price can be materially advanced. At the same time it is well protected and its recessions in price are very small. A policy of frankness on the part of the management of the United States Steel Corporation would do more than anything else to give the public confidence in its securities.

§ § §

THE guessing contest in Union Pacific is still on. It is complicated by the Northern Pacific, which the Harriman interests had to take on in the effort to rebuke Messrs. Morgan and Hill for fooling with the Burlington system, and no one yet has offered a satisfactory theory of how the tangle is going to be straightened out. Mr. Morgan has gained a considerable reputation as to a picker of hard knots, and when he comes back we may expect to see the matter settled on a rational basis.

A. Lamb.

WALL STREET,
THURSDAY, May 16.

·LIFE·

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Monday, May 27—Patchogue, 3 and up

Tuesday, May 28—The Clover, 2-year-old fillies; The Preakness, 3-year-olds

Wednesday, May 29—Overnight Events

Thursday, May 30—The Bedford, 2-year-olds; The Parkway Handicap, 3 and up

Friday, May 31—The May, 3-year-olds

Saturday, June 1—The Hudson, 2-year-olds; The Carlton, 3-year-olds

Monday, June 3—The Criterion, 2-year-old fillies

Tuesday, June 4—The Brookdale Handicap, 3 and up

Wednesday, June 5—The Gazelle, 3-year-old fillies

Thursday, June 6—The Manhasset, 2-year-olds; The Empire State Steeplechase

Friday, June 7—The Myrtle, 3 and up

Saturday, June 8—The Great American, 2-year-olds; The Broadway, 3-year-olds

Monday, June 10—The Kensington Hurdle; The Standard, 3 and up

Tuesday, June 11—The Hanover, 2-year olds

Wednesday, June 12—The Greater New York Steeplechase

Thursday, June 13—The Tremont, 2-year-olds; The Derby, 3 year-olds

Friday, June 14—Overnight Events

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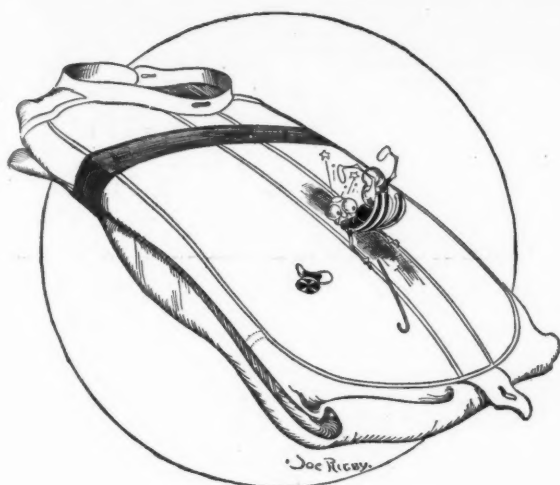
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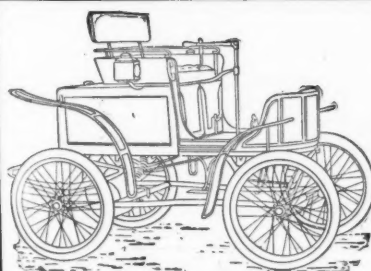
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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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THE RIDE IS IMMENSE, LIKEWISE THE EXPENSE,
BUT IT DOESN'T COME OUT OF MY PURSE!"—*Farvard Lampoon.*

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